

No. 4

\$1.75

# Honkytonk Sue

THE QUEEN OF COUNTRY SWING

## HOT PLATE!!

Will the prettiest cowgirl  
in the world walk down  
the aisle with a  
red-chile bouquet?



## THE WORLD'S MOST MEDIocre LOVER

On a scale of one to ten,  
here's a perfect 5!

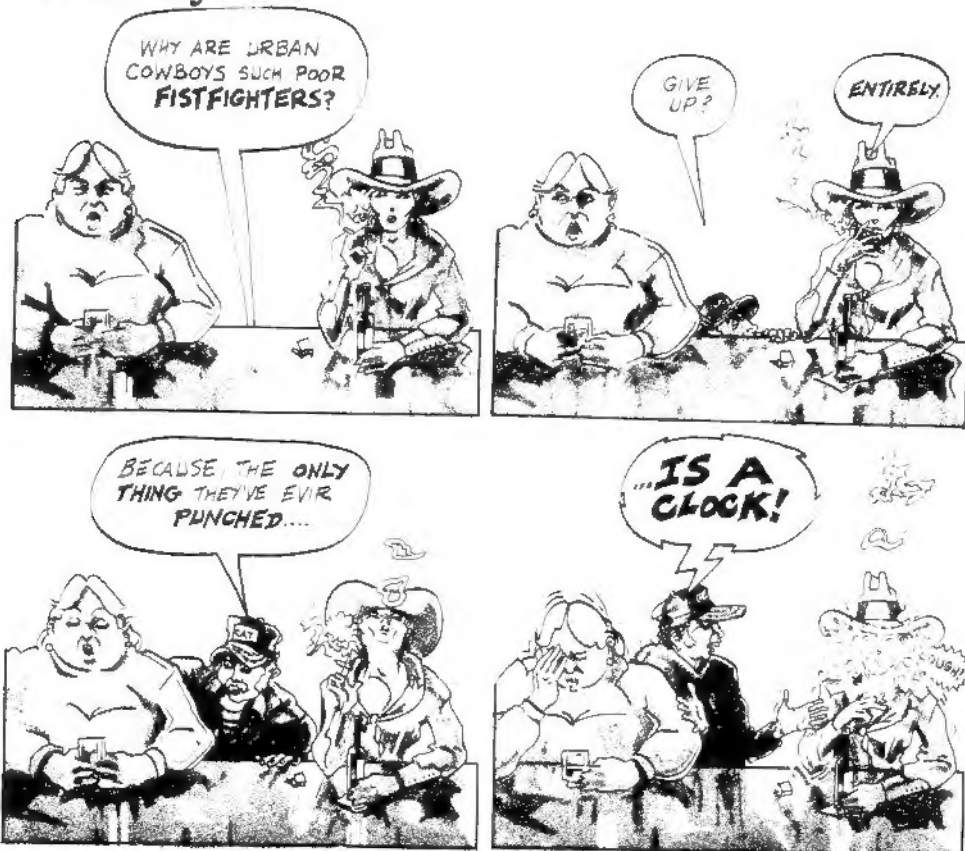
## THE YOGA REDNECKS

Diaper-headed truck drivers  
looking for a Karma  
stop on the road of life

Bone

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Sue every Wednesday in New Times  
Weekly.



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# Letters

You really are an authority on the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral. Shooting your "Jumping Black Gas" is right on!

**Harold O. Love**  
**Publisher, THE TOMBSTONE**  
**EPITAPH**  
 and owner, The O.K. Corral  
 Tombstone, Ariz.

What's wrong with Honkytonk Sue lately? It's actually been funny!! Jumping Black Gas? On come now! Anyway, keep up the good work. For some reason, although I think you have a great sense of the absurd, your comix haven't particularly tickled me up until now. You're improving though, and that's good.

**Bob Brzesik**  
 (The Cosmic Zipper)  
 Phoenix, Ariz.

I agree with you totally that people in media have egos the size of swamp coolers. I have one question. On page 61 of the third comic there's a cartoonist with ears to match his big head. Is that person by any chance the same illustrator who draws this comic?

**Robert Thompson**  
 Swea City, Iowa

Yes, that's Boze with the flying nun ears, and as you can see in the photo below, it is a deadly accurate rendering.

I am returning this comic book (?) because I feel it is a complete waste of paper. You could refund my money, but actually it is enough just to have it out of my sight.

**Dorothy Rylander**  
 Helena, Montana

One tiny suggestion. As a cow-type-girl myself I know that a whole big chunk of that kind of lady has to do with horses. For 28 years I kicked people in the teeth for suggesting my love of horses had sexual overtones. Well, actually, they were right and I think that Sue could probably have a horse somewhere in her life, and if she doesn't have one, she'd like one - probably a pinto or an appaloosa. Mr. Bell, thanks again for Sue.

**Holly Roberts**  
 Phoenix, Ariz.

*The next comic will feature Sue's horse who happens to be a pretty little sorrel. Thanks for the suggestion, Holly.*

At last I have found a role model for my twelve year old daughter, living in a suburb of Washington, D.C., to emulate. Perhaps now there's a chance that she won't go to Wellesley! Please keep up the good work. The world needs you and Honkytonk Sue.

**Robert F. Hemphill, Jr.**  
 Chattanooga, Tenn.

Woody. In the sense of dizzy, confused, or intoxicated, this word can as yet claim no formal etymology. Webster sees some possibilities in "oozy." I think "boozy" a more promising lead.

—Alfred H. Holt, Phrase and Word Origins

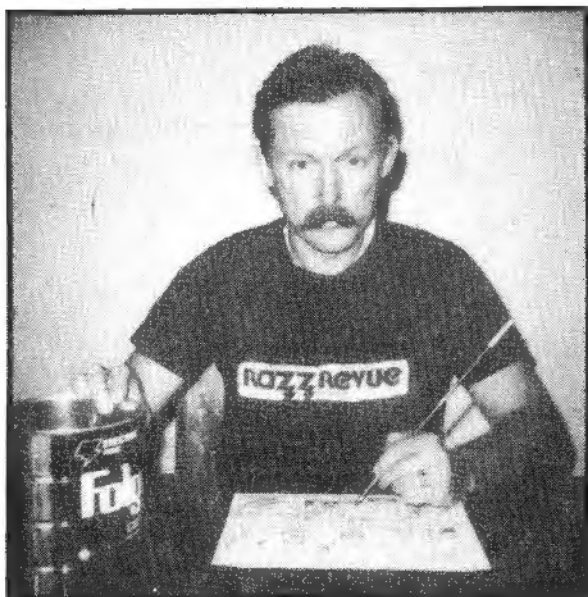
**Larry Gonick**  
 San Francisco, Calif.

*Actually, the word "woosie" is a derivative of two words, "pussy" and "wimp". People in the Southwest sort of welded the two words together and came up with "woosie". I think it was Squibby Nish of Kingman who said it first back in '44 during the big war, but I'm not positive.*

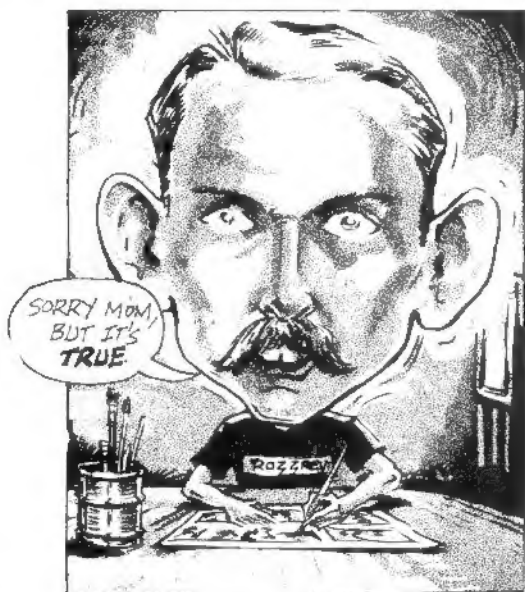
My friends in Kentucky love Honkytonk Sue T-shirts and comics. They're starting a fan club back there - Sue's captured their hearts. Good luck in Hollywood!

**Beck-girl**  
 Tempe, Ariz.

address your letters to:  
**Honkytonk Sue**  
 707 W. MacKenzie  
 Phoenix, Ariz. 85013



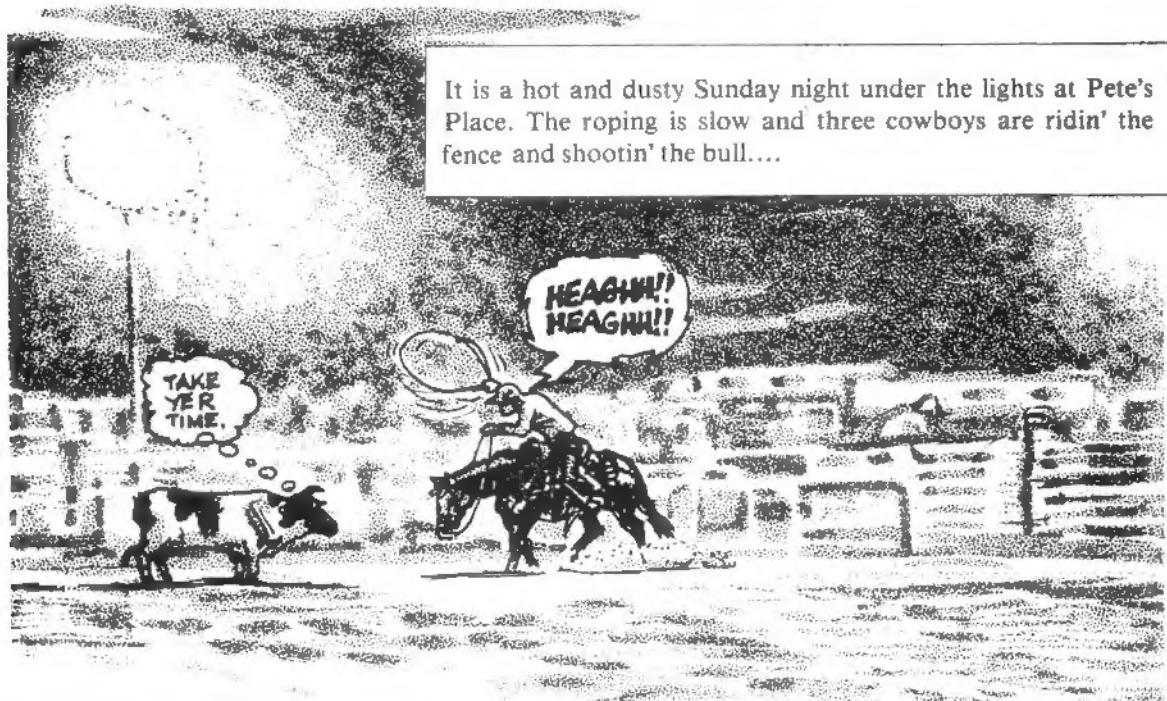
*Bob Boze Bell in the flesh and on paper.*



This book is dedicated to the shortest woman I've ever loved — Deena Carolina Bell.

# THE WORLD'S MOST MEDIOCRE LOVER

On a scale of one to ten, here's a perfect 5!

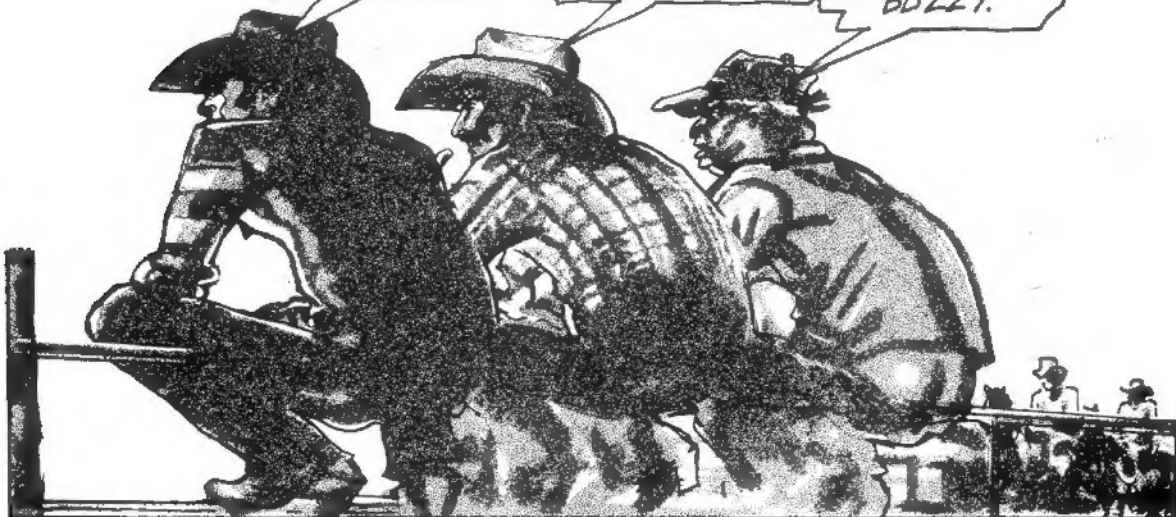


...the subject gets around to the best lovers of all time...

BEST I EVIR SEEN, WAS  
THIS CAR DEALER OVERN'  
REE-AH-DOSOE-HAD A LAN  
LONGERN TH ALASKIN'  
PAPLAN.

MA WAF  
CLAIMS AHM THE  
BEST THERE IS-  
BAR-NONE!

WELL, YER WAF  
OTTA KNOW,  
BUZZY.



It seems like everybody has a nomination for the best lover in the world, but what about the world's most *mediocre* lover? He's out there somewhere, the question is — how can he be found?

JUST GO TO ANY SINGLE'S DANCE HONEY. YOU'LL FIND 'IM. BAWLIEVE ME.



Of course, asking men would be of no help in locating this dubious champion.....



No, it would take someone with enormous experience...someone with the stamina and know how to sort through hundreds, maybe thousands of men and determine the winner...or loser, as it were...

I'LL GIVE IT MY BEST SHOT.



1302

Sue combed the world looking for the most mediocre lover. It was no easy task....

YA MAAT SAY  
IT WAS THE  
AGONY AND THE  
SEMI-ECSTASY.

As might be expected there were thousands of semi-finalists. Most of them fit into three groups...anyone with a hair perm who drives a Mercedes....

I WOULD'VE DONE  
BETTER, BUT I'M  
PUTTING TOGETHER  
A DEAL.

....Roman Catholics from Ireland....

OH ME GOD!!  
THER'S AH  
BOMB IN  
'ERE!

RELAX, WILL YA,  
IT'S JUST MY  
WATCH TICKING.



....and men who watch Monday Night Football....

NOT BAD FOREPLAY  
BUT WHAT ABOUT  
THE REST?

CHECK WITH  
ME IN  
JANUARY.

BOY SUE,  
THOSE GUYS  
SURE SOUND  
MEDIocre..  
BUT...  
WHO'S THE MOST  
MEDIocre  
OF ALL?

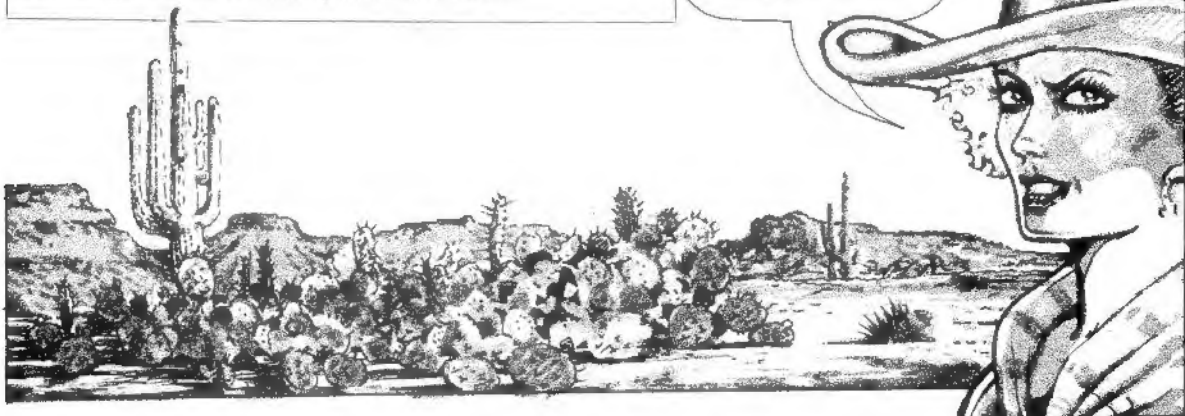
THAT'S  
EASY,  
DONNA  
JEAN...

THE GUY  
WHO DRAWS  
THIS COMIC  
STRIP.

Boz

NOW WAIT JUST A DAMN MINUTE!!  
YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE CALL-  
ING YOUR CREATOR THE "MOST  
MEDIocre LOVER" IN THE  
WORLD!!! I MEAN, REALLY!!!

TAKE IT  
**EASY BOZE.**  
I WAS JUST KIDDIN'.  
YOU MEN ARE SO  
**INSECURE** WHEN  
IT COMES TO  
**SEX.**



Hey, not *me*, I'm secure. I've had my share  
of women. As a matter of fact, when I was in  
high school, I was known as quite a ladie's  
man.

I  
**THOT** YOU  
MAAT TRY  
TA **PULL**  
**THET..**



WELL, HERE'S  
ONE OF YER  
**GIRLFRIENDS**  
FROM KINGMAN  
HIGH.

HI BOZE.  
AT BEST, YOU  
WERE AN  
**OBNOXIOUS**  
**WIMP.**





OH YEH?! What about *that* night after the Homecoming game, up at the Black Tanks??.....huh? What about **THAT**?!?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, IT WAS OVER **SO FAST**, I DON'T REMEMBER.

SOUNDS **PURDY** MEDIOCRE TA ME.



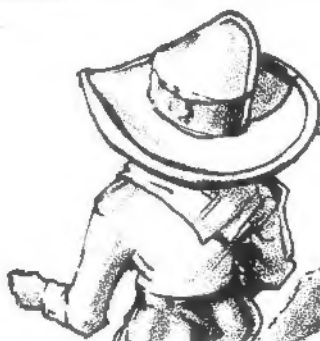
That's *pretty low*, Sue. You dredge up one of my least favorite, semi-attractive ex-girlfriends, and then you let her spill her guts about some isolated fluke, when the fact of the matter is, every guy in the free world has had a similiar experience. So don't single **me** out as the "World's Most Mediocre Lover," when there are millions of red-blooded males out there *no better* than "Yours Truly."

THAT'S AH REAL **DEPRESSING** THOUGHT.



Now wait a minute!! That was the past. Times have changed. Myself and most Western males have become completely liberated, sexually. There is nothing we are afraid to face or talk about.

"SOUNDS" GOOD.



What do you mean, it *sounds* good? I can't think of *anything* that today's male is afraid to face. We've come a long way. Go ahead, ask me anything. Anything at all.....

YOU'LL JUST  
CHANGE THE  
SUBJECT.

Try me.

O.K.,  
HAVE YOU  
EVER HAD  
HOMOSEXUAL  
FEELINGS TOWARDS  
ANOTHER  
MAN.

At that very moment, deep in  
Africa.....

THEY'RE  
CLOSING IN!  
LET'S RUN  
FOR IT!

EVERY  
MAN FOR  
HIMSELF!!

THE END

# THE YOGA REDNECKS

Diaper-headed truck drivers looking for a Karma stop on the road of life



Gone are the days of the 40¢ cup of coffee, the dollar gallon of gas and the free refill.....





It is a time when an older generation seems to have discovered the 60's.....



.....Truckers and Firemen marching in the streets, encounter groups at VFWs, "Love-Ins at mobile home parks, trippers in suburbia.....

It was during these bizzare times that Sue met her toughest foe to date.....THE YOGA RED-NECKS!



They came out of the sun. Smokestacks burning, wheels churning and minds chocked full of radical philosophy. Idle, middle-aged truckers driving the back-roads and rebelling against the establishment ....



DON'T TRUST ANYONE OVER EDUCATED.

.....they call themselves the YOGA RED-NECKS! Wearing their unique adjustable diaper-head caps, they frequent truck

stops throughout the country and intimidate other truckers into embarrassing yoga exercises.....



NOW, THIS HERE'S TH' "BABY KRISHNA POSE."

YATAHAY.

NO, THAT'S NA-MA-STAY.

KEEP YER LEG STRAIGHT.

.....their leaders name is Rev. Merle and he espouses a new brand of radicalism.....



WE'VE TRAD TA WERK WITHIN TH' SYSTEM FER FIFTY DAM YEERS....

RAAT ONN BRUTHDH.

TELL IT LAK IT IS MERLE

....AND ALL WE EVIR GOT  
WAS **15 BUCKS** AN HOUR,  
A **COMPRAH-HENSIVE** HEALTH  
PLAN AND **EARLY**  
REE-TIRE-MENT.



now the Rev. Merle has a  
plan. It is not very original.....

WE'RE GUNA  
MAKUH **MEDIA EVENT**  
OUTAH KIDNAPPIN'  
SUM INNUH-CENT  
**BYSTANDERS.**



.....and guess who the Yoga Red-  
necks plan to kidnap?.....you  
guessed it.

It is "day one" at a certain sleazy motel  
out on the Tumbleweed highway.....



.....earlier, Sue and Donna Jean were  
surrounded and abducted as they came  
out of a Mexican food cafe .



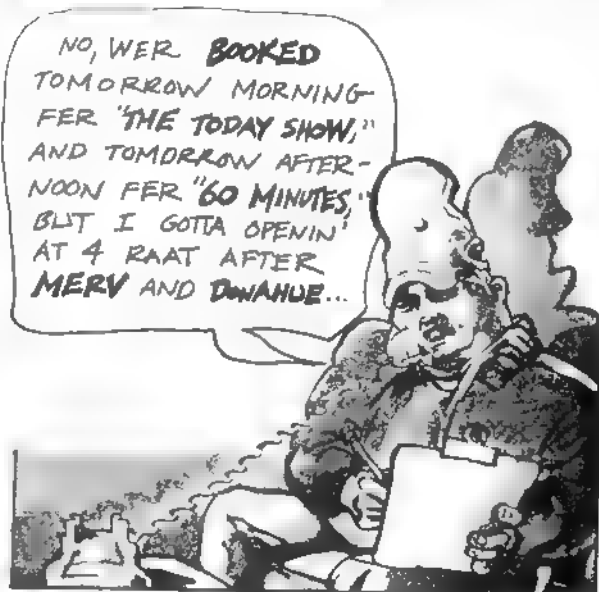




.....at the motel, Rev. Merle explains why they have been kidnapped.....



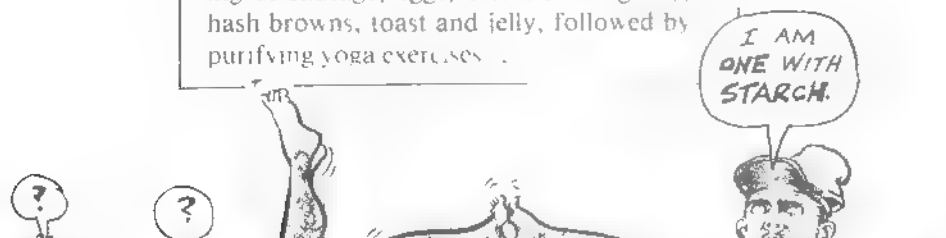
...well, that's not exactly the case Sue ...



As "day two" begins, Sue and Donna Jean are treated to the Yoga Redneck's daily regimen.

A black and white cartoon illustration of a dilapidated building with two men in cowboy hats. One man stands in the doorway, and the other stands by a window. A large truck is partially visible on the left.

First, a huge trucker breakfast consisting of sausage, eggs, biscuits and gravy, hash browns, toast and jelly, followed by purifying yoga exercises.



I AM ONE WITH STARCH.

1302

After exercises the Yoga Rednecks dress while free-flow rapping to each other.....



....THE HOSTAGES ARE CAPTIVATING,  
AND ARE BOUND TO BE HELD OVER  
BY UNPOPULAR DEMANDS.....





The press coverage is everything the Yoga Rednecks could have hoped for. At 8 p.m. (9 p.m. Mountain), Rev. Merle delivers his demands on nationwide TV. "All women in the continental U.S.A. will cease to be liberated, immediately, or else!" In many homes he strikes a responsive chord.



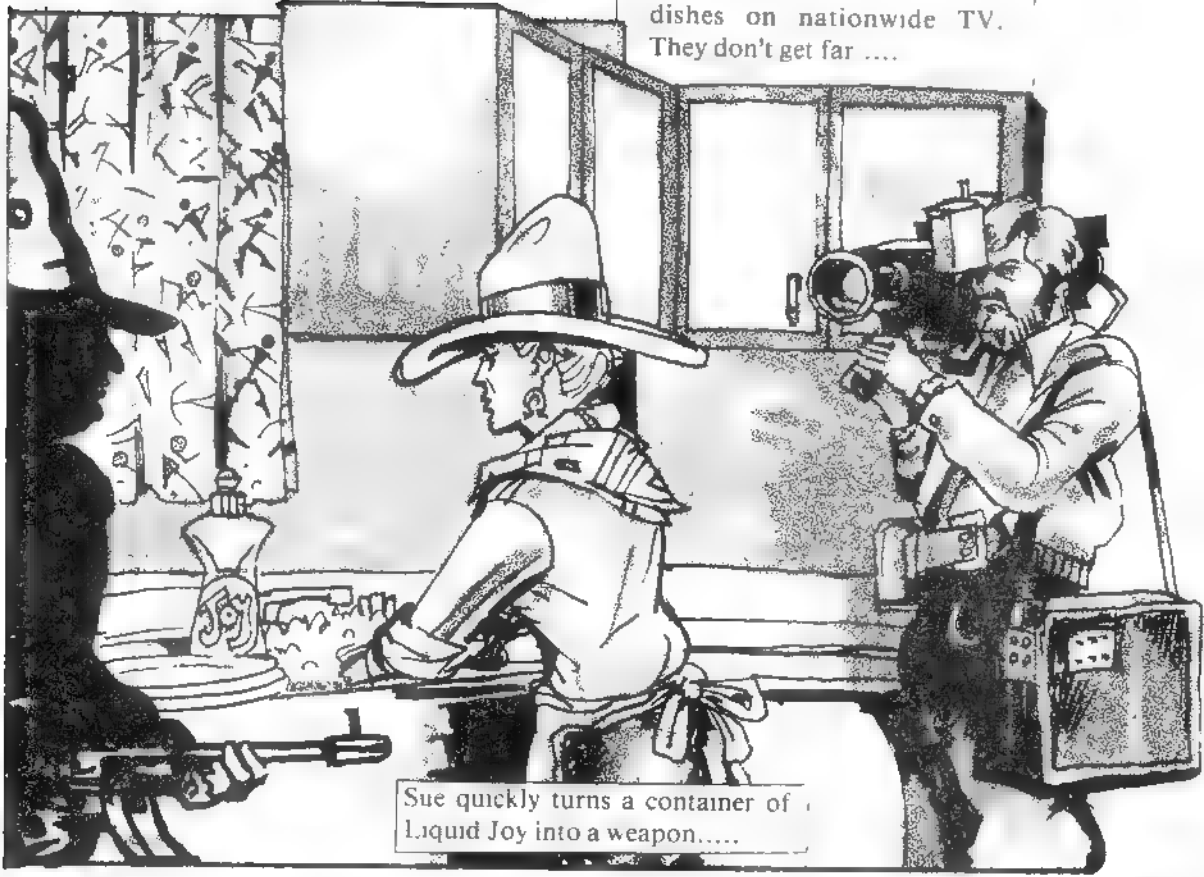
.....but, during his finest hour the Rev. Merle makes his biggest mistake.....

...AND NOW THE WIMIN HOSTAGES WILL **ENJOY** HOUSEHOLD CHORES....

YOU COULD AH TALKED **ALL DAY** AND NOT SED **THET**.



The Yoga Rednecks begin by attempting to make Sue wash dishes on nationwide TV. They don't get far ....



Sue quickly turns a container of Liquid Joy into a weapon.....

.....before anyone can react, Sue grabs his Yoga cap and threatens to run it through a blender.....

.....of course Merle and his cult surrender immediately



The Yoga Rednecks have surrendered but there remains one small problem...

HA! YOU'LL NEVER  
MAKE IT OUTAH HERE  
ALAY. TH' ENTIRE  
PLACE IS RINGED  
WITH **LAND  
MINES!!**



WELL, LEAD TH'  
WAY **DIAPER  
BRAINS!**



One by one, Sue throws a Yoga Redneck out in front to clear a path to her primer gray Cadillac. The effects are spectacular.....



**THE END**

# THE NEW GUY

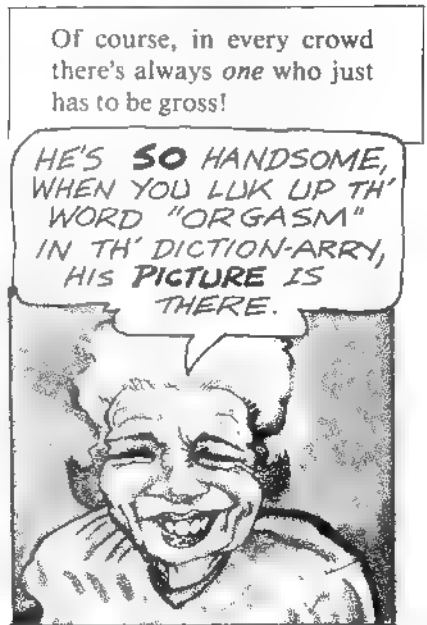
Will the prettiest cowgirl in the world walk down the aisle with a red-chile bouquet?



HONEY,  
THIS GUY IS  
**SO HANDSOME...**

THAT ON A  
SCALE OF **1** TO  
**10**, HE HAS AN  
**UNLISTED**  
**NUMBER.**





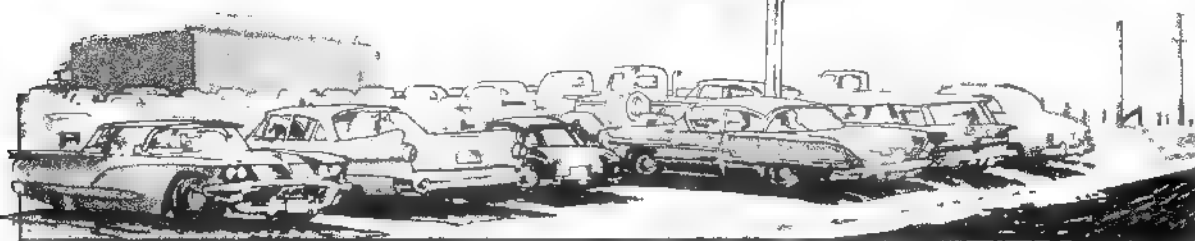
Now *that* is handsome.....







He isn't hard to find



Inside, a throng of available women are gathered around his table ogling and comparing notes....

I'LL TELL YA PEGGY, THET GUY'S GOT MORE SELF-CONFIDENCE, THAN A DALE CARNEGIE GRADUATE ON COCAINE.



Some of the women are going to elaborate extremes to try and woo the new guy. One has brought a guitar and a song .

CAT SCRATCH FEVER



.....another, walks up to the New Guy and talks in crude blues metaphors.....

YOU CAN PICK MY PEACHES BABY, AND I'LL PRUNE YOUR OLIE-ANDERS.



.. still another, has worked out an elaborate dance number.....

YATAHEY  
YATAHEY  
YATAHEY.



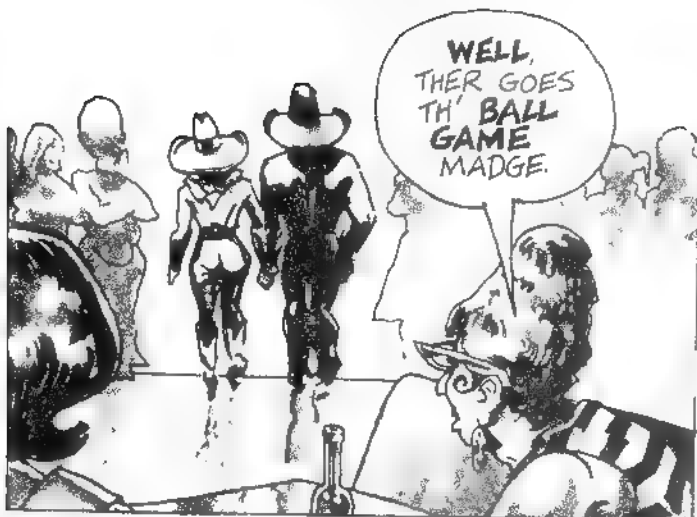
Sue isn't worried. She waits at the bar for him to come to her.....

SOMETIMES, THE BEST BAIT,  
IS TO WAIT AT THE GATE.





The New Guy asks Sue if she'd like to dance. This is like asking a Cuban refugee if they'd like a place to stay. As they walk to the empty dancefloor, several women who would love to get to first base with the New Guy already know the final score.....



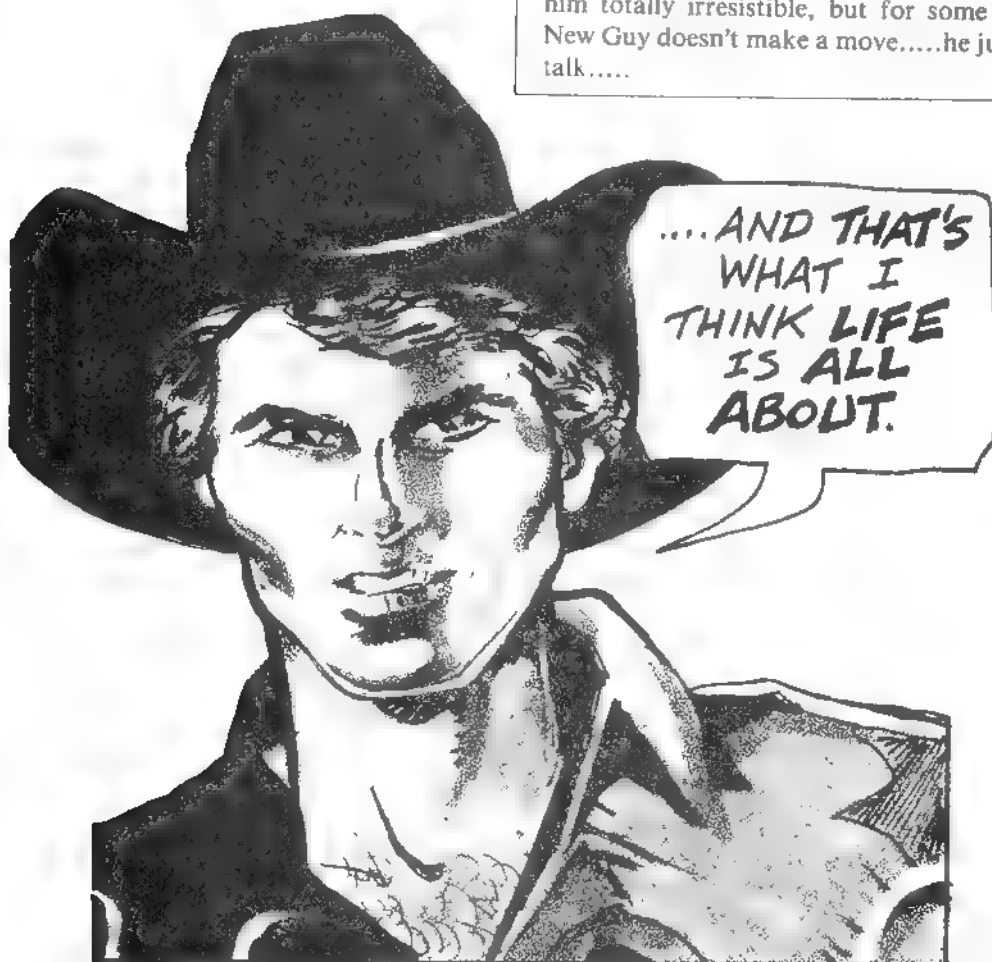
They danced. The New Guy is real fast and smooth. And of course, the Queen of Country Swing lived up to her title. It was electric

YER TELLIN' ME!  
DAM SPARK HIT ME  
RAAT ON TH' ELBOW.  
HURTS LAK HELL  
TOO!

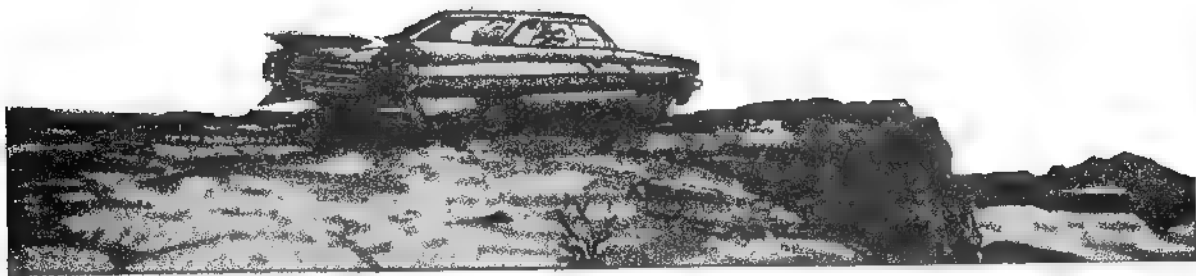




Sue and the New Guy have left the Wander Inn and are parked up on Makeout Mesa.....Sue finds him totally irresistible, but for some reason the New Guy doesn't make a move.....he just wants to talk.....







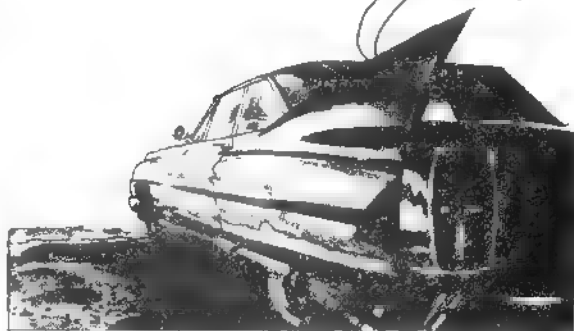
For two hours they talk. Finally, Sue can't take it anymore and drops a subtle hint....

THAT'S  
INTERESTING,  
WANNA LIP  
MASSAGE?



...but the New Guy doesn't take the hint

THANKS, BUT I'D  
RATHER FIND OUT  
WHAT YOU'RE ALL  
ABOUT FIRST.



...they continue talking. As the sun comes up, Sue takes him home. She doesn't even get a goodnight kiss.

THANKS,  
I HAD A  
WONDERFUL  
TIME

????



DAM WOOSIE!  
THAT'S TH LAST  
TAM I'LL EVIR  
GO OUT  
WITH HIM!!



Sue's date with The New Guy turned out to be rather bland. The next evening, Donna Jean drops by Sue's house for some girl's talk.....

**HE DIDN'T  
EVEN KISSYA'  
GUDNAHGT?!**

**I DON'T  
WANNA TALK  
ABOUT IT. WHAT'S  
NEW WITH  
YOU?**



**WELL, I'M ON A  
NEW LIQUID DIET  
AND I'VE LOST  
TEN POUNDS.**

**THAT'S  
GREAT  
DONNA JEAN!**



**YOU KNOW WHAT  
REALLY BURNS ME,  
IS, I DON'T EVEN  
KNOW HIS NAME!**

**IT'S  
PROFESSOR  
CELLULITE.**

**THAT'S HIS  
NAME?**

**YEH, HE INVENTED  
THE DIET.**



AHM SORRY DONNA JEAN.....  
AHM TALKIN' 'BOLT THE NEW  
GUY..... I GUESS HE  
REALLY HAS GOTTEN  
UNDER MA SKIN!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA!  
LET'S ORDER OUT  
FER SUM PIZZAS  
AND MAKAH  
PLAN!



WHAT  
ABOUT YER  
LIQUID  
DIET?

DON'T WORRY,  
I'LL RUN MAHN  
THRU TH'  
BLENDER.



Within a matter of hours, green chile pizzas arrive. Now the girls can get down to some serious girl's talk.....



.....of course, Donna Jean runs  
hers through the blender...

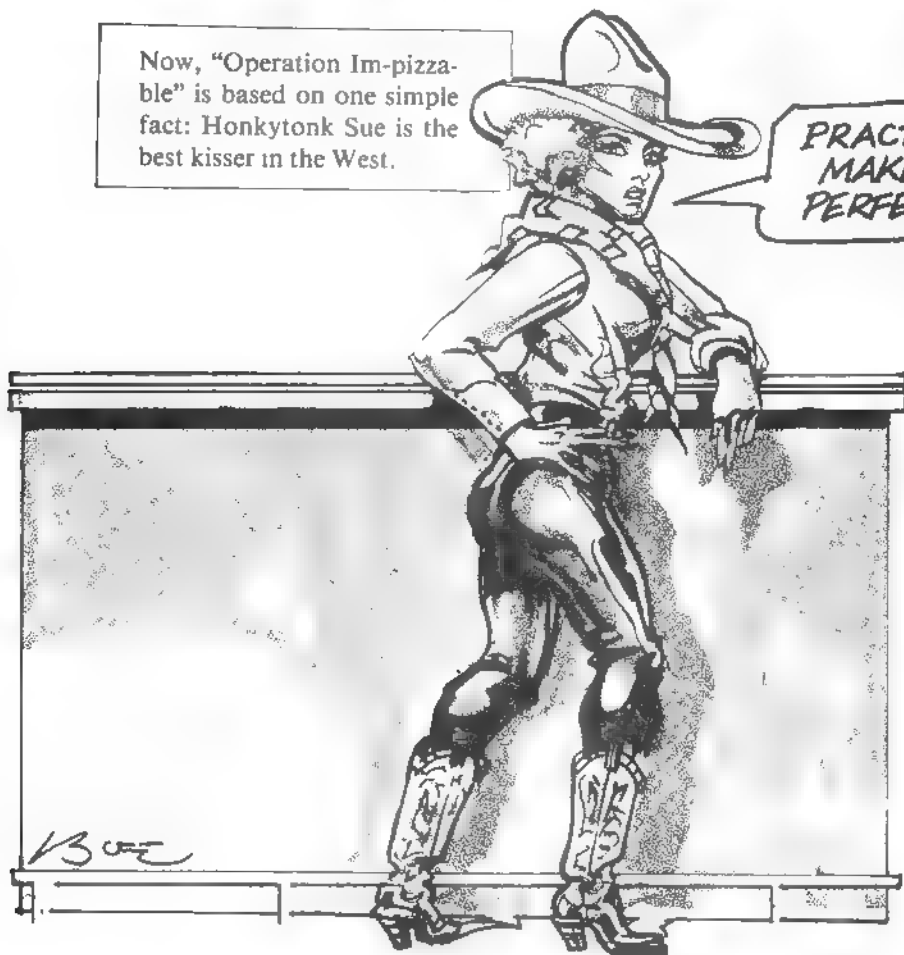
....by the third pizza, the girls come up  
with a plan...

I WANNA STAY  
ON MY LIQUID  
DIET.

HERE'S  
TO MISSION  
IM-PIZZA-BLE.

Now, "Operation Im-pizza-  
ble" is based on one simple  
fact: Honkytonk Sue is the  
best kisser in the West.

PRACTICE  
MAKES  
PERFECT.



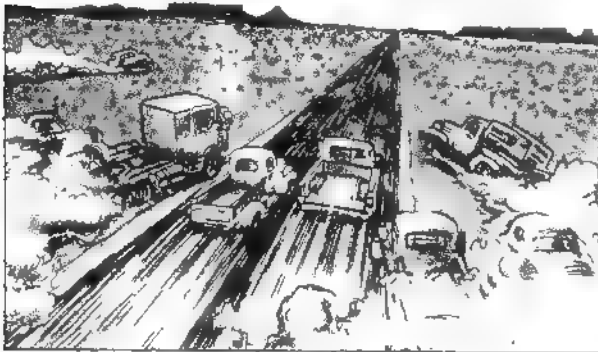
So, you can imagine the reaction when Donna Jean walks into the Wander Inn and says.....

ALRAHT, WHO WANTS  
TA COME OVER TA  
SUE'S HOUSE AN PLAY  
SPIN TH' BOTTLE?



Mission Im-pizza-ble is underway. Six dozen cowboys are heading for a little game of Spin the Bottle at Sue's house. The competition to get there first is ruthless.....

Their reason is simple.....

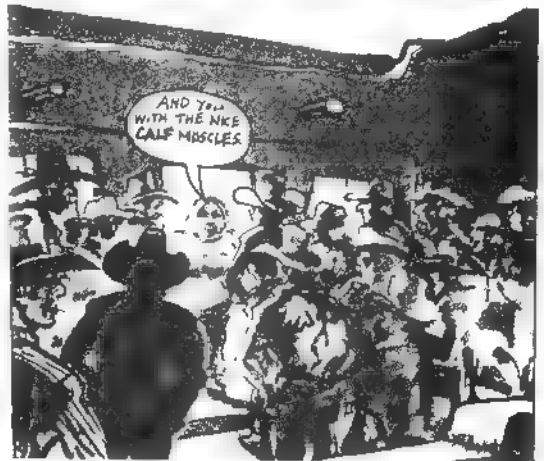


AHD LAKTA  
KISS THET  
GAL ON TH'  
MOUTH.



When they arrive, Donna Jean steps out on the porch to take a look at them. The New Guy is with them!! She quickly picks him and 9 others to make up the first round.....

AND YER  
WITH THE NKE  
CALF MUSCLES





Sue gets right down to business, spins the bottle and a bronc rider named Yates gets the first nod.....



Sue clamps on one of her hottest kisses. You may have heard of "Frenching;" well, when Sue lays one on, it's called "Wagon Toungin'."



The assembled cowboys have seen the power of a Honkytonk Sue kiss. Especially the New Guy. Sue meets his gaze and winks. His dark handsome features break into a wicked smile.

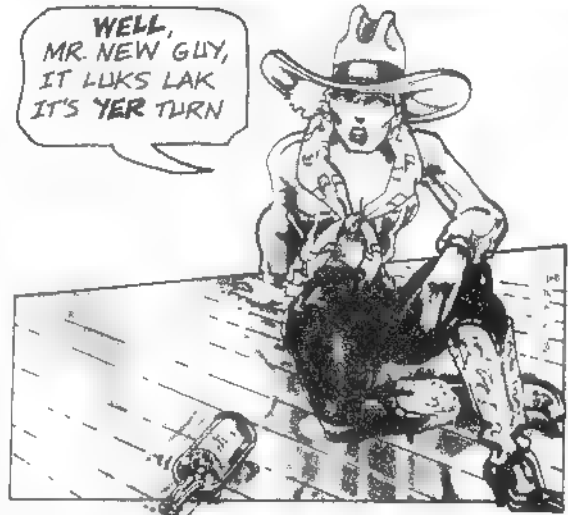
LORDY SUE,  
THAT AIN'T NO  
FLATLAND  
SMEAR!!



Sue reaches over and spins the bottle again. For the sake of storyline development it stops right where Sue had hoped it would



WELL,  
MR. NEW GUY,  
IT LUKS LAK  
IT'S YER TURN



The room is quiet as the New Guy stands. His long lean muscles bulge under his black silk shirt. As he steps closer a quiver of anticipation scoots up Sue's spine

MAM,  
BEFORE WE KISS, I  
MUST FOREWARN  
YOU ...

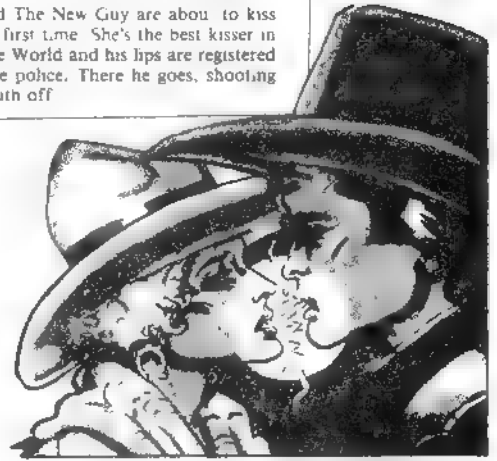
MY LIPS ARE  
REGISTERED  
WITH THE  
POLICE.



YOUR LIPS?! WHY.

THEY'RE DANGEROUS WEAPONS.

Sue and The New Guy are about to kiss for the first time. She's the best kisser in the Free World and his lips are registered with the police. There he goes, shooting his mouth off



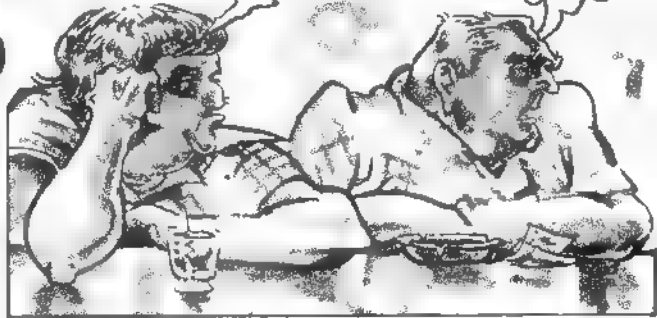
WOW!! Look at that!! Talk about SPARKING! Sue and The New Guy are creating an energy field all their own.....

.....the effects of which can be felt five miles away at the Wander Inn.....



MA IMAGINATION... OR DID TH' LIGHTS GIT BRAGHTER?

HEY BARTENDER, HIT TH' DIMMER SWITCH.



The kiss lasted fifteen minutes. It was quite an event. As one of the eyewitnesses later put it

I'LL TELL YA! TOGETHER THEM TWO WAS HOTTERNA BARREL OF RADIOACTIVE JALEPENOS!

.....but it still came as a surprise early the next day when Sue spoke three words no one has ever heard her utter before.....





Honkytonk Sue and the New Guy are holed-up at the Tee-Pee Lodge. On the third day it gets rather mushy.....



....BUT NOT  
WITH YOU, MR.  
NEW GUY.



I'M **FLATTERED**  
YOU FEEL THAT WAY  
ABOUT ME  
SUE.

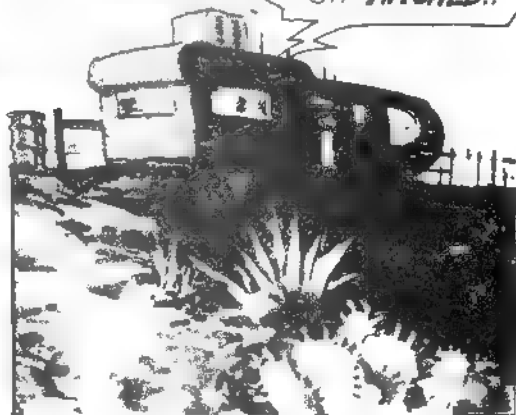


GOD,  
MARRY ME, OR  
I'LL KICK YER  
ASS.

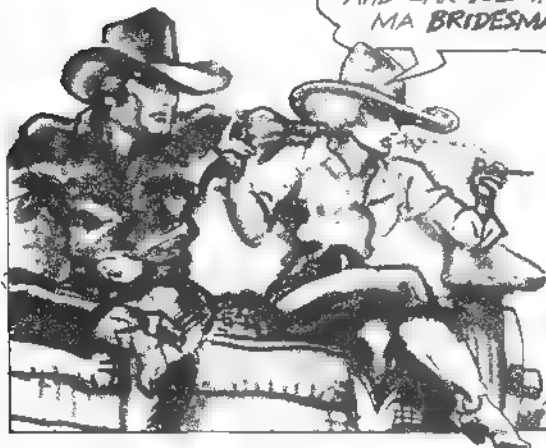


The next night Sue and  
The New Guy drop by  
Donna Jean's trailer w/ a  
some news

I CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT SUE!! YER  
ACTUALLY GONNA  
GIT **HITCHED!!**



THAT'S **RAAT**  
DONNA JEAN, AND  
'AND LAK YOU TA BE  
MA **BRIDESMAID.**



WELL, **HOT DIGITY DOG,**  
I'LL HAFTA GO ON A  
**NEW DIET!!**







WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO YER  
**LIQUID**  
DET?



NAAAAAGH  
IT DIDN'T  
WORK



BESIDES,  
I GOT TIRED  
OF **SIPPING** BLENDED  
CHICKEN FRAD  
STEAKS

The news spreads faster than  
greased lightening...



HEY, DIDJA HEAR?  
HONKYTONK SWE IS  
**TYIN' TH' KNOT!**

FIRST IRAN, THEN  
THE **OLYMPICS** AND TH'  
**RECESSION**, AND NOW  
THIS...HOW MUCH **MORE**  
CAN WE TAKE?

Down at the Heatwave Cafe,  
they're planning a big  
hoedown...



YOD BET, A GAL  
ONLY GITS MARRIED  
**TWO OR THREE**  
TAMS IN A  
**LAFTAM.**



The local news has a field day...



Yes, the queen of country swing is in heaven. She has found herself the man of her dreams...



Kemper Reemus is the undisputed liquor distribution king of the Southwest. At present he is very upset...





AIN'T YA  
**HEARD** BOSS?  
HONKYTONK SUE'S  
GITTIN' MARRIED.

MOST COWBOYS  
AIN'T EVEN COMIN'  
**INTO** THE BARS.

THEY'RE  
**BUMMED**  
SIR.



...IN FACT  
WHEN TH' NEWS  
HIT MA PLACE,  
AH HAD TA LET  
**THE BAND**  
**GO.**



THIS WOMAN  
HAS **THAT MUCH**  
EFFECT ON YOUR  
BUSINESS?!

WELL, YEH, THET  
AND THE FACT THET  
THE BAND WANTED  
THEIR **BACK**  
**PAY.**

Meanwhile, unaware that trouble is "brewing,"  
Sue and the New Guy are writing their wedding  
ceremony...



THEN YOU TAKE ME  
INTO A CROSS-CHEST  
TURN AND I'LL SAY  
**"AH-DO."**

HOW 'BOUT AN  
**EGG-BEATER**  
INSTEAD?

Sue's mind wanders to the "big day"....

DO YOU, HONKYTONK SUE, TAKE THIS NEW GUY TO BE YOUR NUMBER ONE DANCE PARTNER THROUGH THE LAST DANCE...



...AND DO YOU PROMISE TO STEP, TURN AND SHUFFLE WITH HIM THROUGH GOOD BANDS AND BAD.....

...Donna Jean looks stunning...



...TILL LIFE'S "LAST CALL," DO YOU PART?

I SHORE DO.



DO YOU, NEW GUY, PROMISE TO DOSEE-DO AND LEAD HER THROUGH THE SWINGIN' NUMBERS AS WELL AS THE BALLADS AND THE BLUES?

I SHORE DO.

...But alas, it's only a dream.



Kemper Reemus is a very powerful man. When he talks, the thugs on his payroll listen...

**I CAN'T AFFORD TA  
LET THAT COWCHIP  
GIT MARRIED!!!!  
UNDERSTAND?!**

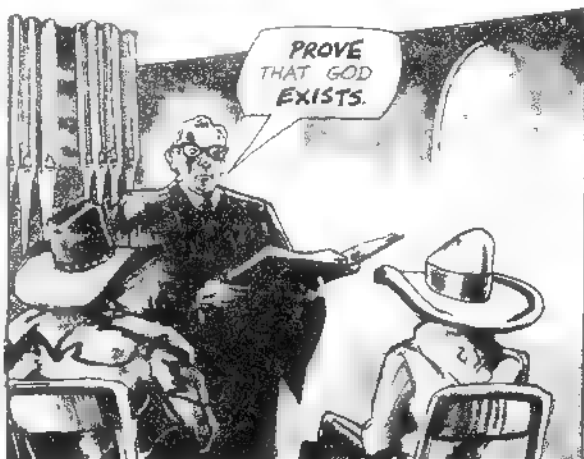


Kemper's thugs waste no time. The very next day Sue receives "official instructions" on how to obtain her marriage license. She is to report to the courthouse within five minutes of opening the letter...



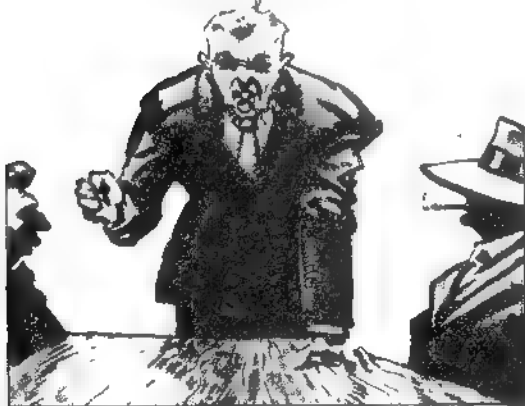
Fortunately, Sue just had her Caddie tuned and she makes it to the courthouse with minutes to spare, but it appears there are going to be other obstacles.

Kemper's lackeys have even been to the church they wanted to use



As if all this isn't discouraging enough, Kemper has even more roadblocks planned...

**NOW WE'RE  
GONNA GET  
REAL DIRTY!**

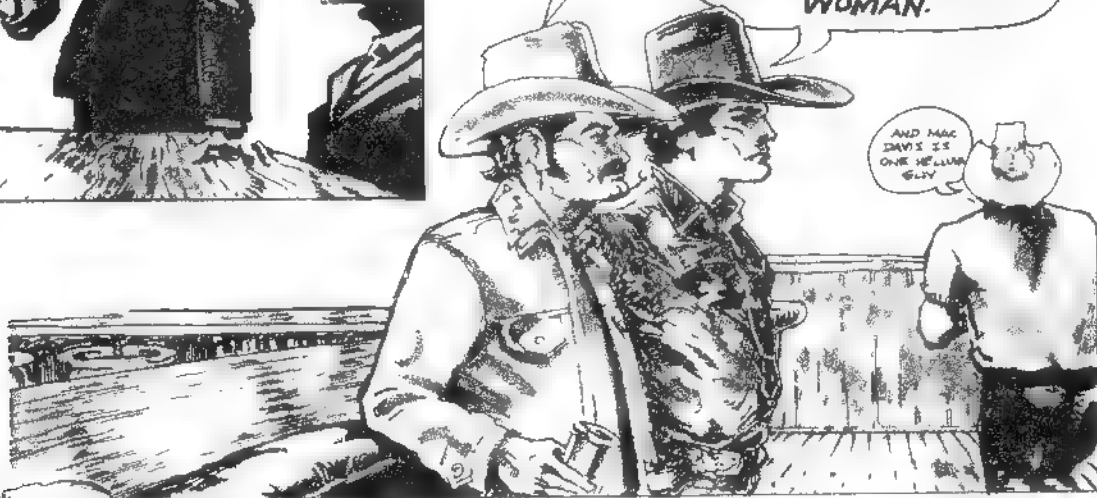


Needless to say, Sue and the New Guy didn't get their marriage license.

**IT'S AH  
CRYIN' SHAME  
NEW GUY,**

**LOVE WILL FIND  
AH WAY, STRANGER.  
I'M STUBBORN AND  
SHE IS ONE HELLOVA  
WOMAN.**

**AND MAC  
DAVIS IS  
ONE HELLOVA  
GUY**



**RAAGHT AS RAIN.  
AH WISH AH CUD  
SAY TH' SAME FER  
HER SIDEKICK.**

**DONNA JEAN?  
WHADDAYA MEAN  
BY THAT, MISTER?**





DON'T GIT ME WRONG,  
AH DON'T LAKTA BAD-  
MOUTH NOBODY,  
**BUT....**

....**SHE'S TH' REASON** YER  
HAVIN' SO MUCH TROUBLE  
GITTIN' YER **MARRIAGE**  
**LICENSE.**

Meanwhile, in spite of the license setback,  
Sue and her best friend are working on the  
wedding guest list

WELL, IF YA IN, TE  
**KEARNY** AN **HEBER.**  
YA GOTTA INVITE  
**BEARDSLEY** AN **DUNCAN.**

TRUE AND  
LET'S NOT FERGET  
**EL PASO.**

YEH BOSS, THEY'RE  
PROBLY FIGHTIN' LAK  
**DEMOCRATS** BY  
NOW.

THAT **BAD**  
EH?

How right you are, beer breath...

...**BECAUSE SHE'S**  
**CAPITAL F-A-T** THAT'S  
WHY....

The next day Kemper gets a progress  
report from his chief stool-  
ie...

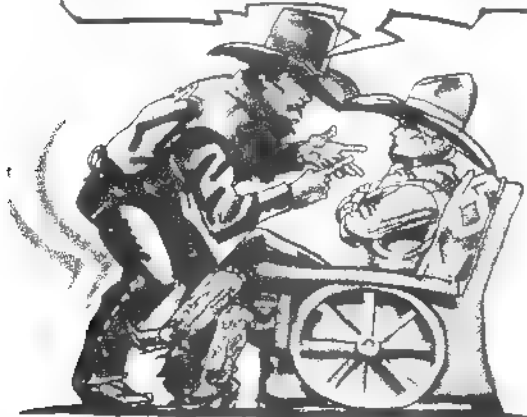
DID  
YOU **PLANT**  
THE **SEED**?



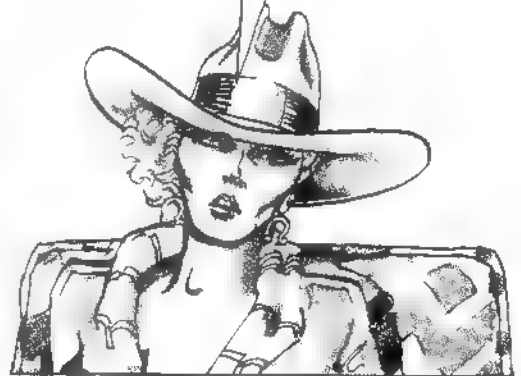
.....AND SHE'S ALWAYS ON SOME WEIRD DIET THAT SHE NEVER STAYS ON.... SO SHE HAS TO BUY HER CLOTHES AT A TENT FACTORY...



....SHE PICKS HER NOSE, HER TRAILER'S A PIGSTY AND SHE HUMS WHEN SHE EATS!! DO YOU NEED ANY MORE REASONS DEAR?!?



YEH.  
WHAT'S TH'  
**REAL REASON**  
YLD DON'T LAK  
DONNA JEAN?



SHE'S THE REASON  
WE CAN'T GET OUR  
MARRIAGE LICENSE.



HOW DO  
YOU FIGURE  
**THET?!**

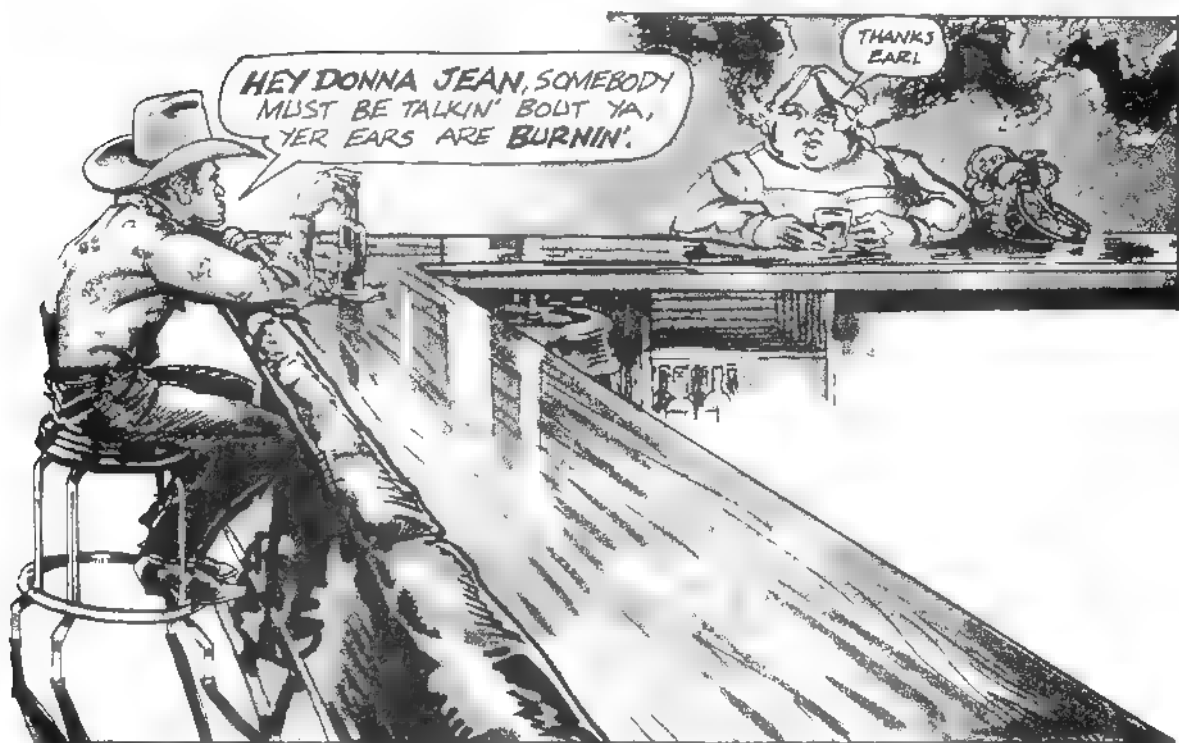
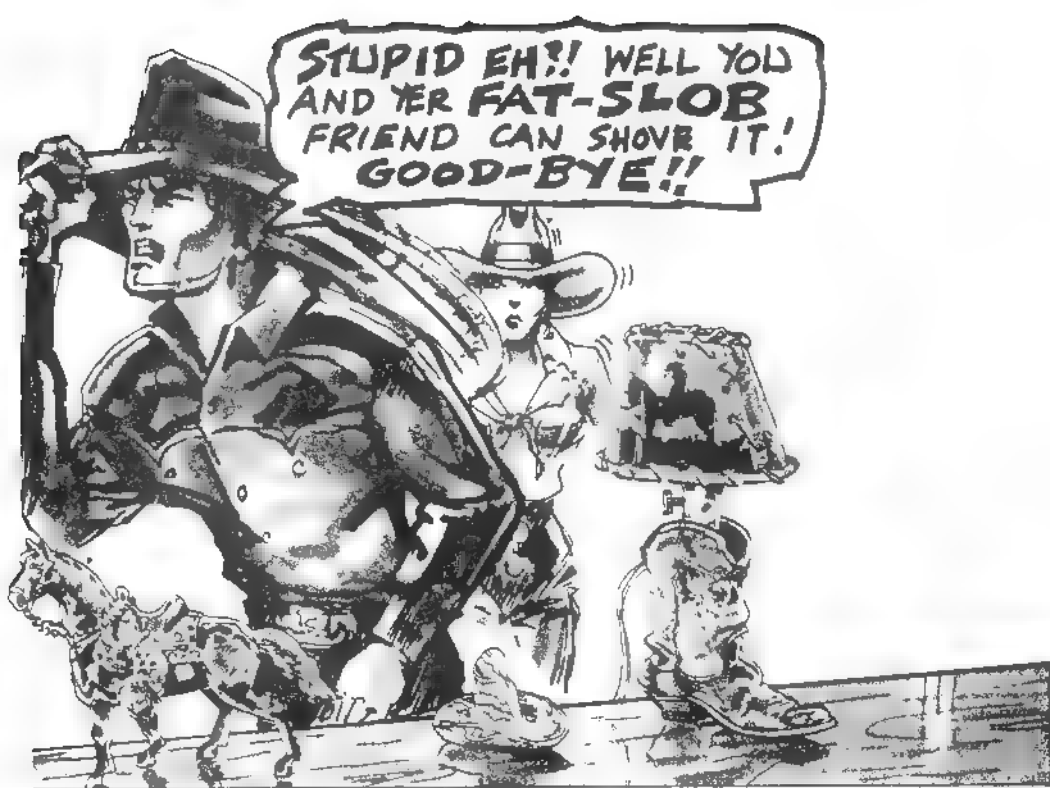
SIMPLE



SHE'S JEALOUS OF  
ME AND SHE'LL DO  
ANYTHING TO  
SPLIT US UP.

THAT'S  
**STUPID!**





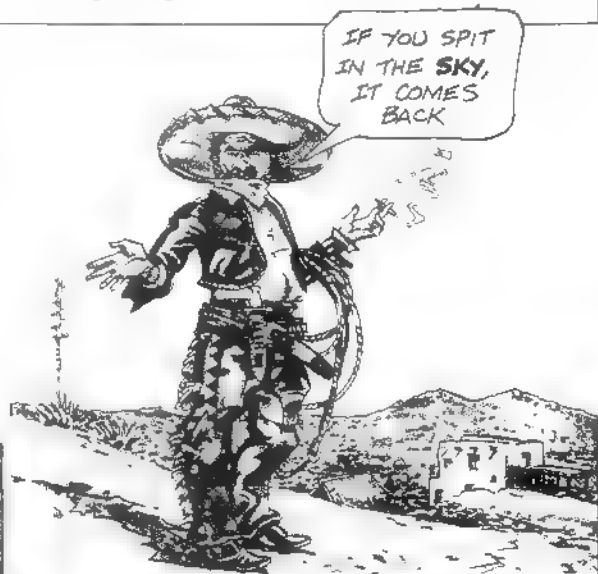
Sue's wedding plans could not have turned out worse. Is that a tear in her eye?



Kemper gets the news within minutes ...



....but remember Kemper, there's an old Vaquero saying that goes....

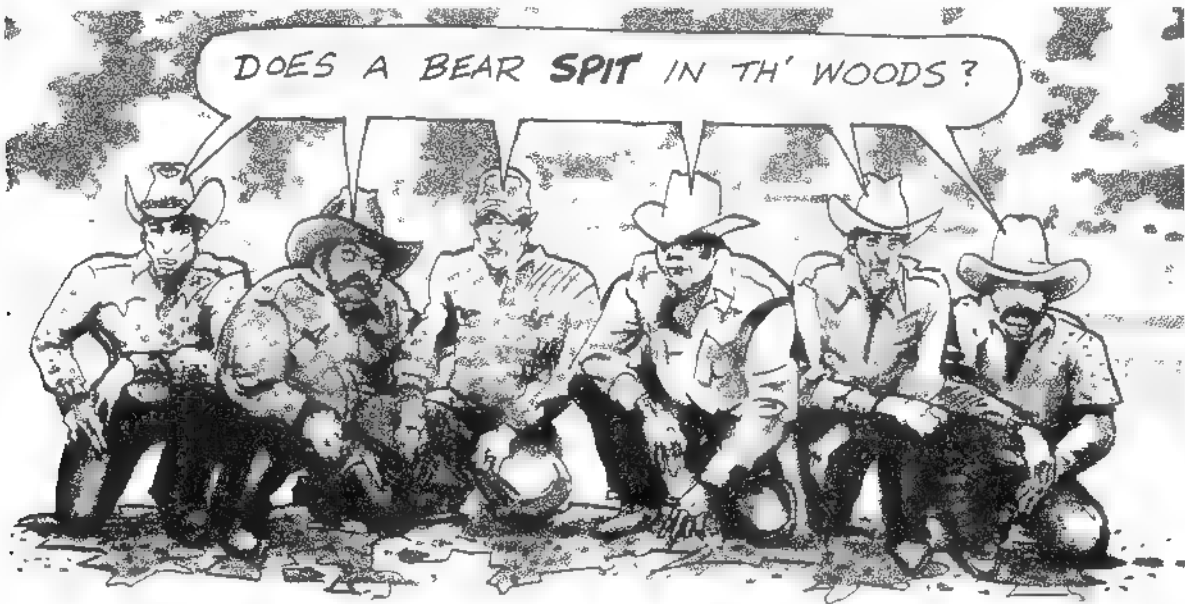


....and the Hualapai Indians of northern Arizona have a similar expression....



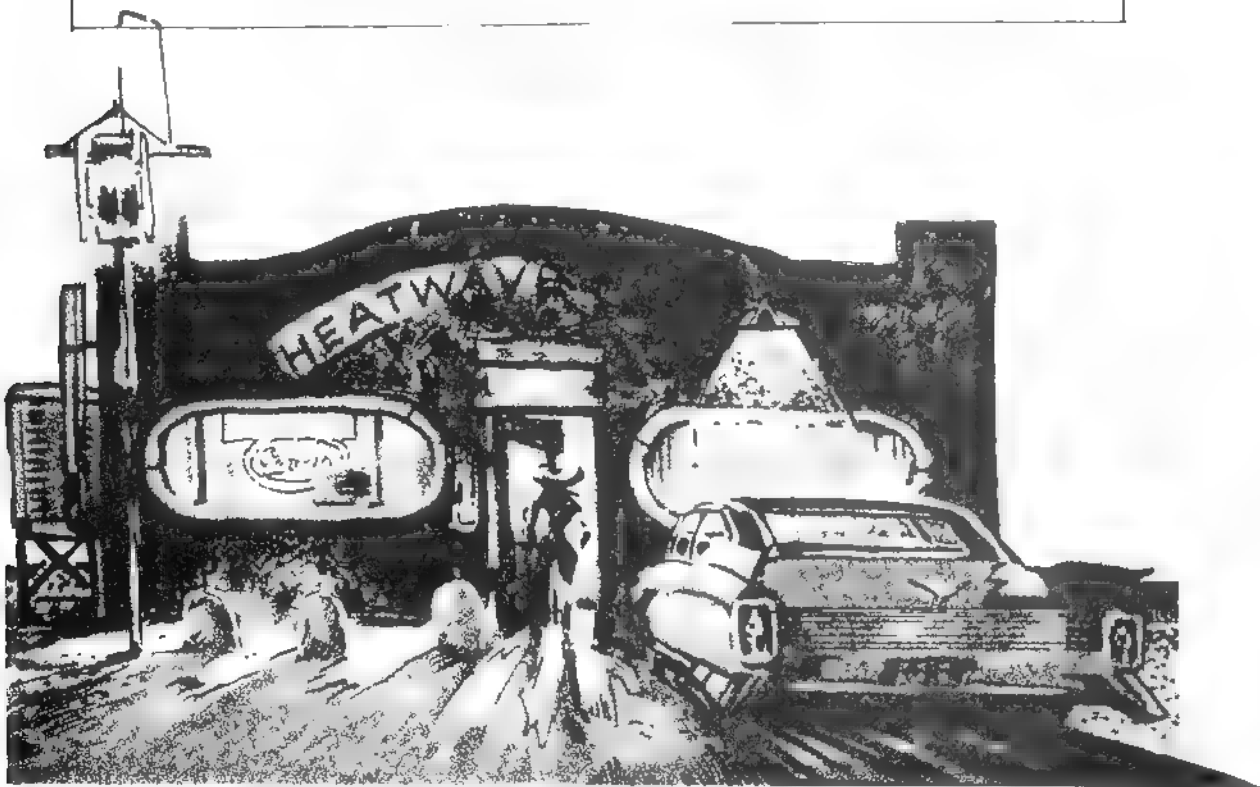
Are these crude axioms a window to the future? Does anyone want to see Kemper get his just dessert?

DOES A BEAR **SPIT** IN TH' WOODS?





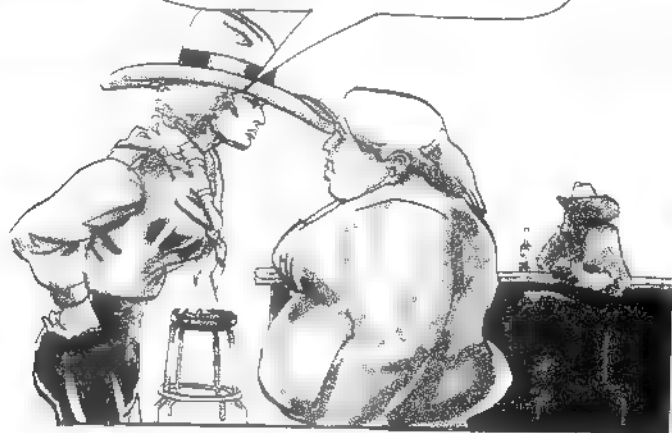
Sue doesn't know what to think. She spends several hours mulling over what the New Guy said. Finally she decides to find Donna Jean and find out for herself....



DONNA JEAN, IF YOU  
EVIR DONE SLUMTHIN'--**NO**  
**MATTER HOW BAD**-- YOU'D  
TELL ME, WUDN'T  
YA?

DOES AH  
BEAR **SPT** IN  
TH' WOODS ? **OF**  
**COURSE** SUE, YER  
MA **BEST** FRIEND.

DID YOU  
JUST RECENTLY DO  
SLUMTHIN' THAT WUD  
**RUIN**  
MA WEDDIN' PLANS?



OHHA NO,  
HOW DID YOU  
FAND OUT??!



Donna Jean confesses to ruining Sue's wedding plans....

※SOB※ AHM **SORRY**  
SUE, IT WAS AH  
**GLAZED DONUT.**

AH  
**DONUT?**  
WHAT?!?

YEH, AH **CHOCOLATE CHIP**  
GLAZED DONUT... ※SOB※  
AND AFTER THET I JUST WENT  
**CRAZY** AND ATE SEVERAL  
**BOXES OF DING DONGS!!**

DING DONGS  
DON'T COME IN  
BOXES

THEY DO  
WHEN YOU BUYEM'  
BY TH' GROSS.

Oh.

WHOOOAAA!! HOLD  
YER MULES AH  
MINUTE!! YOD WENT  
OFF YER DIET &  
THAT'S ALL?

YES, AND AHV'IC  
RUINED YER WEDDIN'.  
I'LL NEVIR FIT INTO  
MA BRADSMALD  
DRESS NOW!!!

SHE'S  
LYIN'!

It's the New Guy and  
he's been drinking....

IT HAS TO BE HER.  
WHO ELSE WOULD HAVE  
ANYTHING TO GAIN  
FROM OUR NOT GETTIN'  
MARRIED?

WHO  
ME?

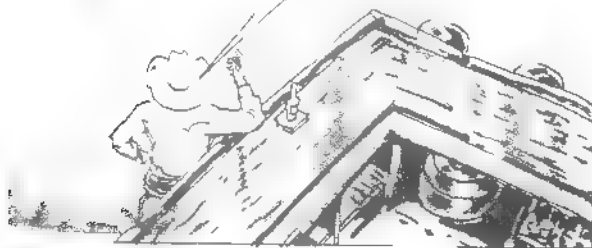
YA GOT ME....  
ALL I KNOW IS,  
DONNA JEAN WOULD  
NEVIR LIE TA  
ME!

THET'S  
RAAT

SUE HONEY, I HATE TA  
PUT IT THIS WAY, **BUT**..  
MAKE YER CHOICE,  
**DONNA JEAN OR**  
**ME.**



I'D PICK TH' ONE  
WITH TH' HAT.  
HE'S **CUTE** WHEN  
**HE'S MAD.** AHA-HA.  
HA -- HA CHUCKLE HA



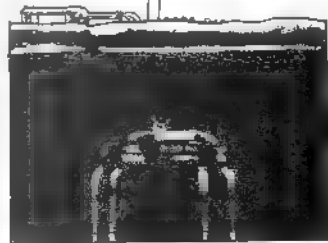
EXCUSE ME  
FER A  
SECOND



IF I NEED ANY  
MORE SHIT FROM  
YOU, WOOSIE, I'LL  
SQUEEZE YER  
HEAD!!



YES  
MAM.



How do you choose between  
your best friend and the only man  
you've ever loved enough to  
marry?....

DON'T  
ASK.



SUE, IT'S **MA**  
**FAULT**, IF I  
WASN'T SO  
**FAT....**

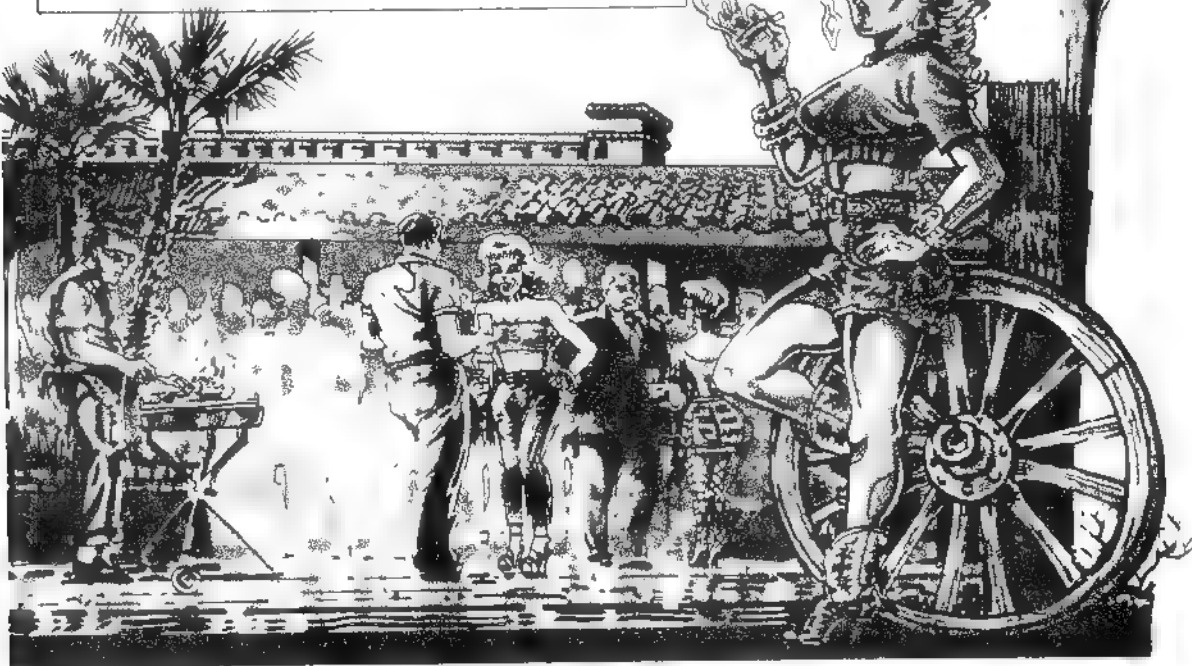
**BOTH OF YOU  
PLEASE GO AWAY!**  
I'VE GOT TO  
**THINK !!!**





Meanwhile, *the* liquor kingpin of the Southwest is holding a victory dance barbeque out at his Pinnacle Peak ranch. For party favors, Kemper has bused in two dozen Casa Grande nymphomaniacs. What is a Casa Grande nymphomaniac you may ask?

HONEY, A CASA GRANDE NYMPHOMANIAC IS A **DIVORCEE** WITH A **NORMAL SEX DRIVE.**



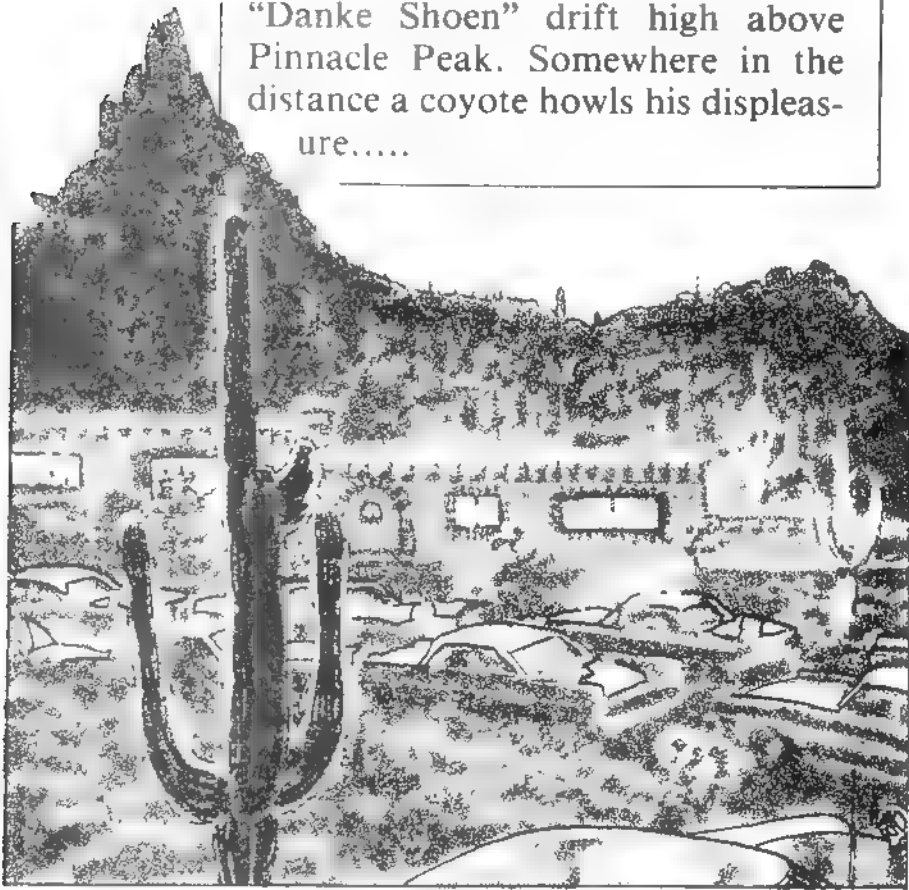
Someone puts on a Wayne Newton album and several couples head for the dancefloor....

LET'S  
BOOGIE.

RIGHT ON  
KEMPER



The sounds of Wayne Newton's "Danke Shoen" drift high above Pinnacle Peak. Somewhere in the distance a coyote howls his displeasure.....



....and Kemper Reemus cannot control himself.

Below, the party guests are really getting down and the host himself is doing a mean Dirty Dog. After "Danke Shoen" Henry Mancini's version of "Gloria" blasts out of the hopped-up hi-fi speakers



**GATER!**



Now, the Gater, for all of you who haven't served time at a fraternity party, is the crudest, most vulgar dance in the physical universe. Imagine, if you will, grown men throwing themselves on the floor and flailing around like a pack of horny fish out of water. Unfortunately, studies have shown that the vast majority of Gaterers *actually* graduate from college and invariably become attorneys, doctors, salesmen or writers of comic books like this one.

Meanwhile, at the Heatwave Cafe, Donna Jean and the New Guy have left, but something the New Guy said keeps echoing in Sue's head...



"WHO **ELSE** WOULD HAVE ANYTHING TO GAIN FROM OUR **NOT** GETTIN' MARRIED?"



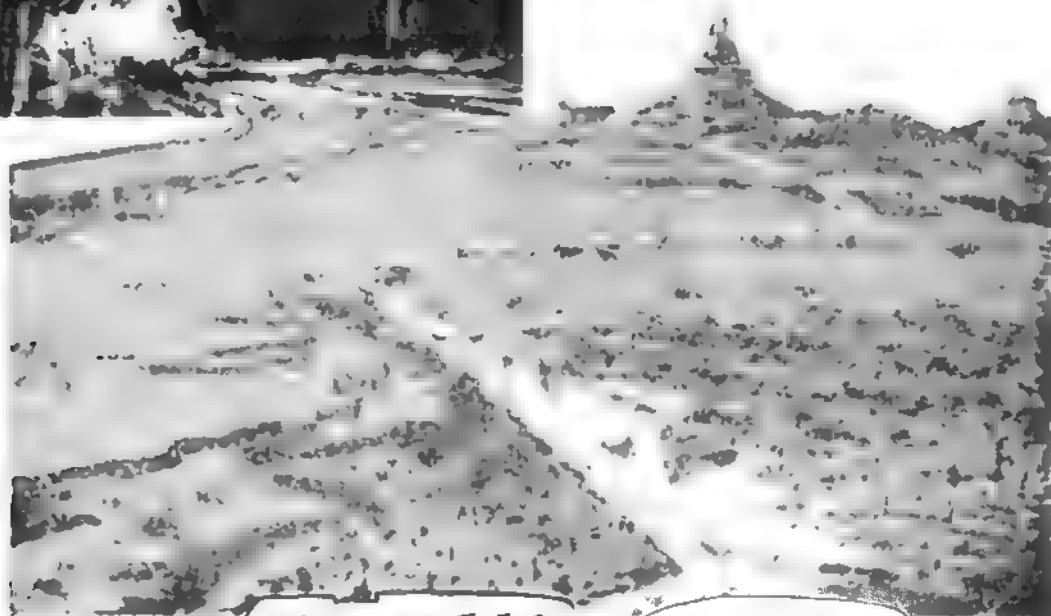
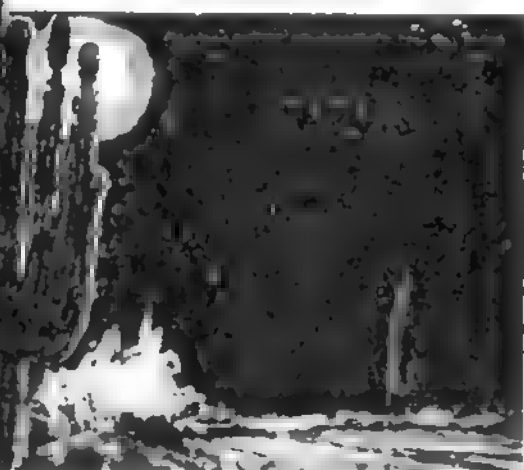
All of a sudden it hits Sue like a ton of adobe bricks. There's only *one* person who would have anything to gain from Sue *not* getting married.



WHERE YA HEADIN' IN SUCH A HURRY SUE?

A CERTAIN LIQUOR DISTRIBUTOR'S RANCH!

A primer gray Caddie barrels down a desert dirt road, sending a rooster tail of dust high into the starry night



HEY BOSS, I JUST  
GOT WORD THAT  
HONKTONK SHE IS  
HEADED THIS  
WAY!!

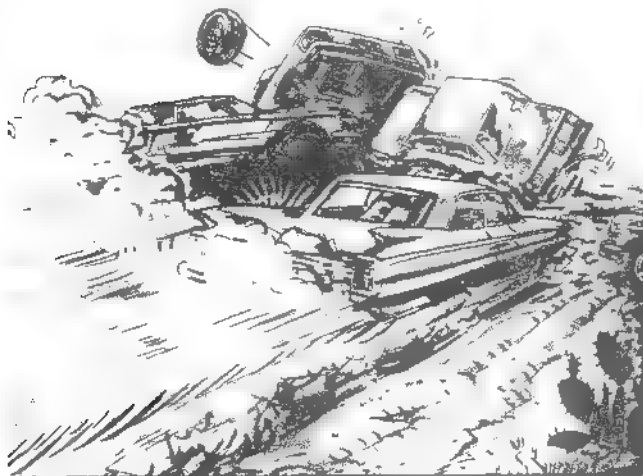
DON'T WORRY,  
WHAT'S SHE GONNA  
DO, HIT US WITH  
HER PURSE?!





With pistons slapping and gravel flying, Sue rounds the last corner and Kemper's ranch swings into view.

Heading straight up the crowded driveway, Sue's pig-iron Caddie (made when America still built *real* cars) clears out several foreign excuses for automobiles.





Not quite Kemper. There's a few more straws to go.....several of the host's lieutenants have come to the aid of their fallen comrade....





....and Sue liquidates the liquor magnate's hallway art gallery faster than you can say "Cowboy Artists of America".....

A **GUD** PAINTING  
SHOULD DRAW YA **INTO**  
THE CANVAS..

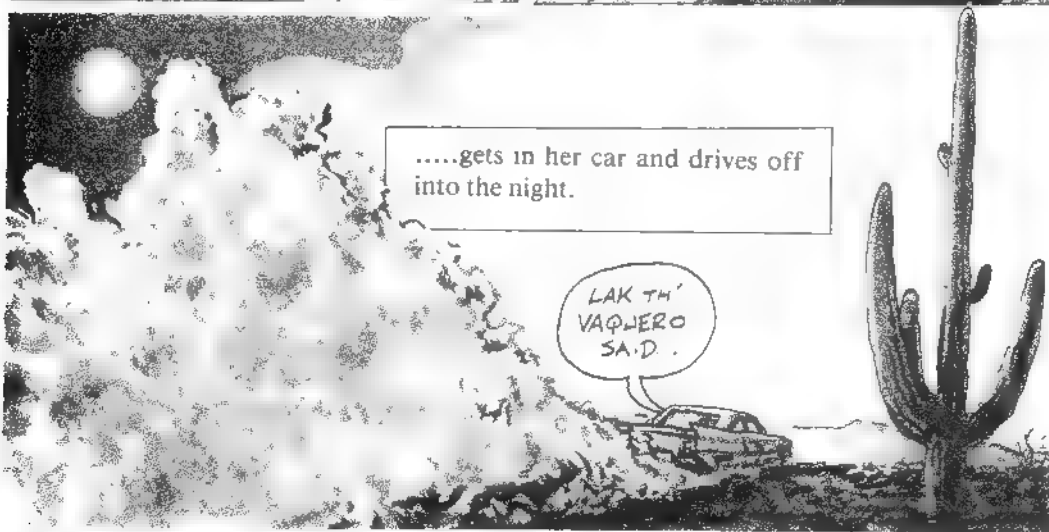
GET TH'  
PICTURE?

CHECK THIS  
OUT,  
**STEREO**  
STILL LIVES.

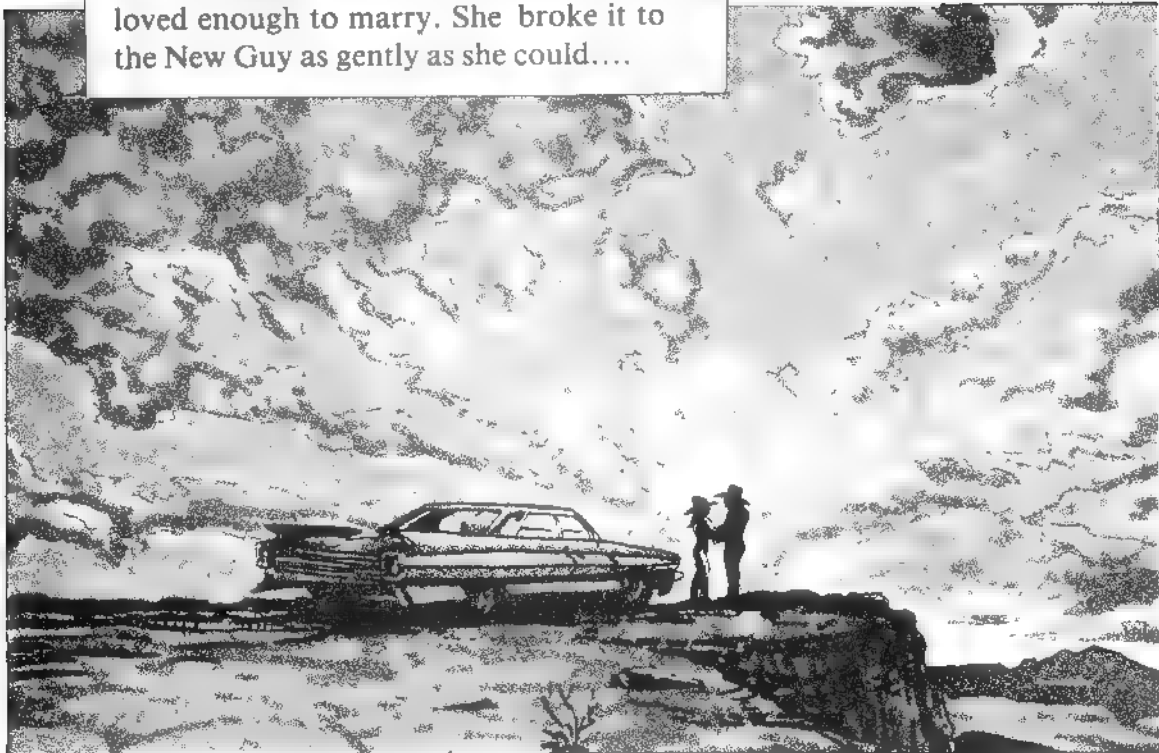
ARE YOU  
FINISHED?

DEPENDS.  
GOT ANY  
**BRONZES?**

NO BRONZES,  
BUT HOW ABOUT  
SOME HOT  
**LEAD!?**



It ended where it all began - up on Make-out Mesa. She had to make a tough choice - her best friend *or* the only man she has ever loved enough to marry. She broke it to the New Guy as gently as she could....



The New Guy took the bad news calmly. He was quiet for a long moment....and then he said softly....

HEY, NO SWEAT, DON'T  
WORRY 'BOUT ME, I'LL  
FIND SOME **PRACTICAL**  
WAY TO **KILL MYSELF.**

FUN-NEE.





True, it was an odd choice.  
Perhaps the New Guy was merely  
stalling for time. You can't blame  
him, he was losing the prettiest  
cowgirl in the world.....

O.K.  
HERE'S TH'  
**DRUM**  
SOLO.



THE END

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(For women's sizes, certain colors become saffron. If you don't mind saffron, fine. If, on the other hand, you want the shirt as soon as possible, please indicate a second color choice on your order.)

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ shirt(s)

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Size \_\_\_\_\_

Color \_\_\_\_\_

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Total enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to:  
HonkyTonk Sue  
707 W. MacKenzie  
Phoenix, Arizona  
85013



## The Comics

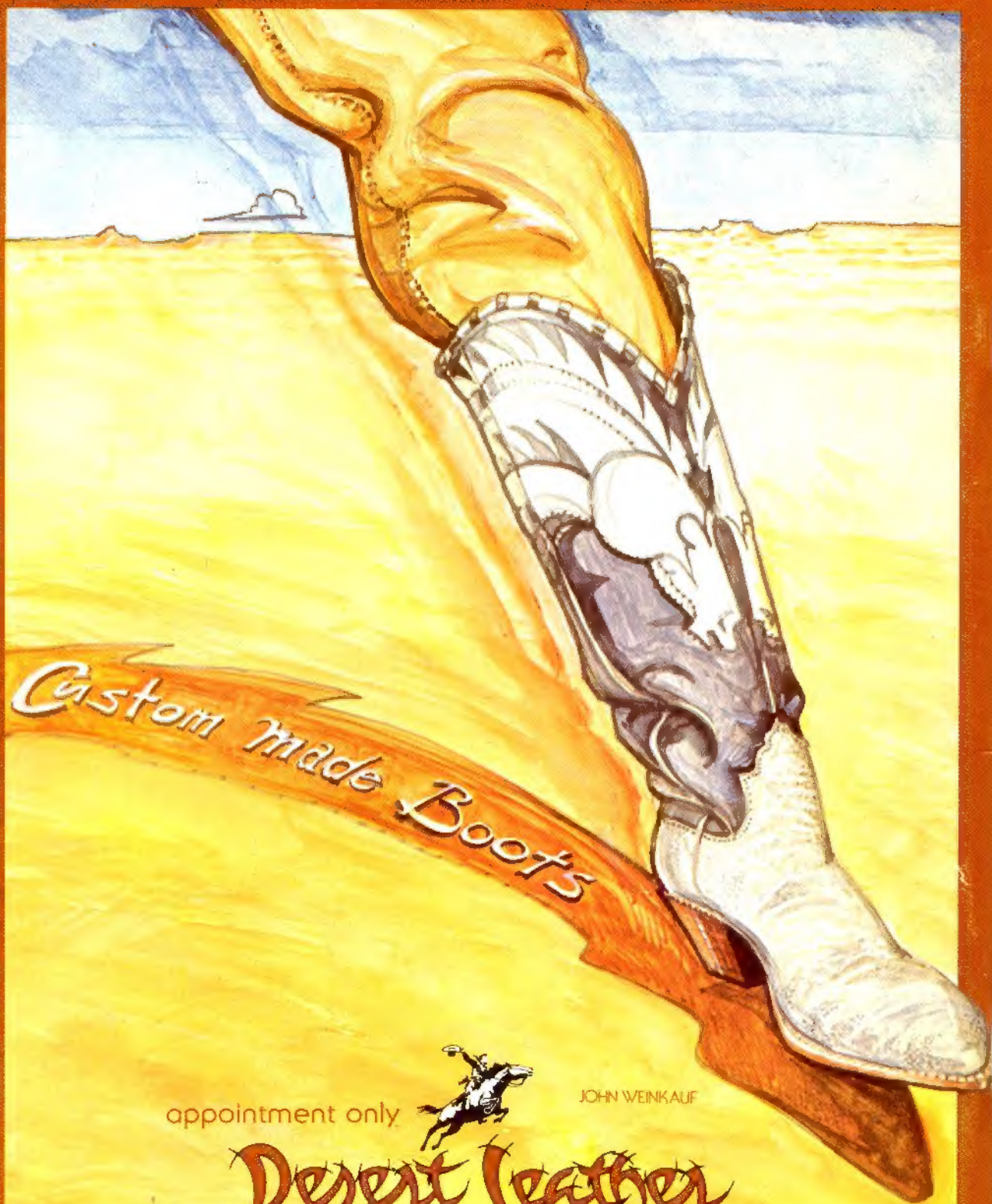
Please send me \_\_\_\_\_  
of comic No. 1  
(\$1.50 ea. plus \_\_\_\_\_ for postage & handling)

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies)  
of comic No. 2  
(\$1.75 ea. plus .50\* per comic for postage & handling)

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies)  
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(\$1.75 ea. plus .50\* per comic for postage & handling)

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Bob Boze Bell

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### Stories:

- 2 - New Times Weekly (ad)
- 3 - Letters
- 4 - The World's Most Mediocre Lover
- 11 - The Yoga Rednecks
- 21 - The New Guy
- 67 - Honkytonk Sue (ad)
- 68 - Desert Leather (ad)

### Artists:

- Bob Boze Bell - 1, 2(ad), 3-66, 67-68(ads)
- Harold O. Love - 3(letter)
- Bob Brzesik - 3(letter)
- Robert Thompson - 3(letter)
- Dorothy Rylander - 3(letter)
- Holly Roberts - 3(letter)
- Robert F. Hemphill, Jr. - 3(letter)
- Larry Gonick - 3(letter)
- Beck-girl - 3(letter)

### Comments:

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